

**caliber®**

# Composition Book

THE FAUSTUS PHENOMENON  
BOOK THREE  
WINTER, 2013

**3** Subject

**Wide  
Ruled**

**120** Sheets

9  $\frac{3}{4}$  in x 7  $\frac{1}{2}$  in  
(24.7 cm x 19 cm)



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What kind of concert with what kind magnitude would have Bruce Springsteen as the OPENING ACT? And Roger Waters next! This is unprecedented. I enjoyed watching the concert via streamline immensely.

© 13 December 2012 Thursday

I awoke with Paul McCartney's song, "Nineteen Hundred Eighty Five" in my head. I helped Mom with our grocery shopping. We saw Janine! I gave her a hug. She hugged me. It was genuine. Amazing. I don't know how I feel or what I think.

© 14 December 2012 Friday

I numbered volumes of the "records of my troubles" I compiled since H 125 (November 2008), about 4 years ago. I wanted to get a feel for how many notebooks I filled. This volume is H 160. That 35 notebooks minus the volume lost in Asbury Park, NJ from December 2010. That's about 9 composition notebooks per year ...  $\frac{3}{4}$  notebook per month. So, just about every month I go through a notebook... And there are the many destroyed prior to 1987. What am I to do with all these scribbblings?



Bruce  
ters next

It's not education. It's history. It's poetry.  
"You'll find that you're not the first person who was ever confused and frightened and even sickened by human behavior. You're by no means alone on that score, you'll be excited and stimulated to know. Many men have been just as troubled morally and spiritually as you are right now. Happily, some of them kept records of their troubles. You'll learn from them - if you want to. Just as someday, if you have something to offer, someone will learn something from you. It's a beautiful reciprocal arrangement. And it isn't education. It's history. It's poetry." ~ From CATCHER IN THE RYE.

Ø

Renamed message board: DEPROGRAMMING CENTER

"A Band of irregular thinkers and other misfits demolishing entire sections of society with radical honesty, relentless integrity, more brains, and more heart."

Ø

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k...

Today Mom took me to Marshals in Toms River to get winter boots. I was going to get a rubbery pair for \$30 that went up to my calves, but instead got a leather pair for \$60 that go up to my shins. Whereas the \$30 longer pair are just for the winter, I am sure to get much more use out of the leather pair. Mom bought them for me for Christmas. I will put \$50 in her account toward her jeans.



The reason I went for the boots are not just to keep my feet warm, but as added support for my healing leg (tibia/fibula). Back in September, when I left tent city to take refuge at my mother's, when I decided to no longer use the medical boot, I purchased the sneaker-boots I've been wearing for the past 3 months. It had been a long time since I had good sneakers. Well, the soles of the left foot (of UNBROKEN leg) are very worn already. So, these new boots are much appreciated. My leg will benefit from the added support.

In the midst of the glory of acquiring new boots, the news goes on and on about the latest school shooting, this time in Newtown, Connecticut. 27 dead, including shooter. 7 adults (including the principal and guidance counselor) plus twenty children 10 years old and younger. Daniel Quinn warned there would be more and more of these shootings unless we give kids a world worth living in. This was an upscale community — not a ghetto. What does this say about our world. Will armed police be placed in schools? Time to HOMESCHOOL? What's one cop going to do to STOP RAMBO JR ???



Ø

So I suddenly feel compelled to keep my insights, theories, discoveries, revelations, and personal business to myself. I am becoming more paranoid. Who can I trust?

What good would it do to warn others about the dangers of psychiatric medication and mind control if only a few people sincerely want to read what I have to say, while more prefer to rattle me?

Why should I reveal what I know when those most interested in what I write are spooks? I mean, the way the police in Freehold treat me, it is utterly obvious to me that I am on some list, some national/international database.

This "persona" --- It's like Vonnegut warned, be careful with who you pretend to be because that is who you become.

Is it time to become more and more obscure? What does my heartmind (xi) tell me to do? Anne said I would regret deleting my posts at whywork-org. Why? I think I want to quit.



My refusal to take psychiatric medications since late 2008 is proof that I have a healthy fear of the reactions these pills have, especially when combined with alcohol. Now, why would the mental health industry coerce "chintz" ~~to~~ who they know are likely to imbibe alcohol, such medication?   
 (into taking)

I am not sure what I want to do with my posts at whywork.org/forum. I may continue deleting. I may just not post there, leaving post count at 1111.

I hid blog (poems & memoirs) to prevent people from accessing my memoirs. I also hid isis from guests. People will either log in or they will not see what I have written.

If I were to die soon, I might regret hiding my message board. And yet, if nobody logs in, then I really am being isolated in a dimension called loneliness. I just want to curl under blanket on floor and drift away with questions about my identity. I want to know who I am!



It is just as well I won't have access to the Internet as I have become weary of the endeavour of trying to discuss the ideas in my head. I will think alone as an individual. I may even get my salvaged texts and writings in the apartment at 31 Rocky Mountain Ct in Brick (08724?).

Then I ease into obscurity. What will my days be like? Surely nothing like Marcy Street... more like Federal Way. Of course I'll be reading, thinking, writing, smoking tobacco, maybe drinking beer, sitting in bath tub, "refining the sexual instinct"...

I don't expect to find anyone to discuss ideas with, not right away anyway. I can walk and explore the area, looking for woods, parks, liquor store, pizza place, grocery store...

No more message boards. I'll be reading through my "records", living the life of a lone Steppenwolf, cleaning apartment, maybe meeting a few people. Of course I will be careful, knowing what I know.

No television. I will stay in touch with my mother. I will reflect upon the trouble with being born. I can hike to the library and even venture into Freehold Boro now and then. I don't need any goals. I will appreciate my own domicile.





18 December 2012

Thursday

No more words? What's this? Is anarch<sup>57</sup> trying to bait me in? I quit. No more words is right, as far as that site goes! Now I'm glad that he "quit" my message board.

The drama unfolds and the saga continues. Synchronicity. My case manager for section 8 from BHA never received the packet. The corporate office of Victorian Gardens/Kentwood Village is waiting for her to call them before they send the paperwork in. She refuses to return the phone call. All she wants is the packet I dropped off before Thanksgiving, nearly an entire month ago.

It looks like I won't be moving into the unit at 31 Rocky Mountain Ct on January 1<sup>st</sup>, 2013. It may be delayed. If I can't get another extension to find another unit, and I lose section 8, I don't want to just hangout in Leisure Village for another month or longer. I don't want to live at Pepe's either. No more books, no more journals, no more words?



BETTER MAKE IT A 3-MAN TENT TO STORE CLOTHES & COMPUTERS.

It is a beautiful day. The sun is shining. I feel strong. No one's gonna stop me now. No one! No one's gonna break my spirit. The way I feel right now, I just want to get to Freehold, clean restrooms, buy a bus ticket (to return to Lakewood), settle this damn litter charge once and for all, have a drink, maybe take a walk down tracks before catching bus, and then ... and then walk around outdoors contemplating what to do next.

If I could stop writing, I would not amass all these notebooks filled with WORDS. Am I prepared to live as a homeless Nothingman with no address? My mail from social security would go to my mother. How would I charge my phone? How would I communicate with my mother?

Will I get a passport?

If I lose section 8, then I don't have to hand over security deposit or rent. I would purchase a good one man tent and a suitcase with wheels. I am not ready to give up writing! Do I see how fragile all this is?

Meanwhile the sunbeams sink into my body. I smoke tobacco. I am excited about going into Freehold. My spirit is strong!

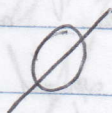
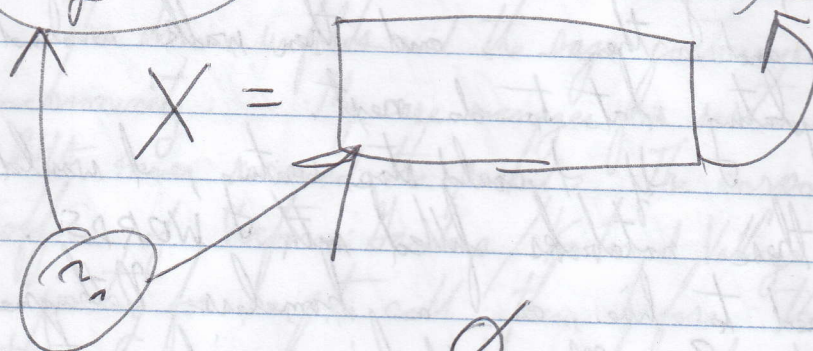




case dismissed, two hours after Jamie  
 & I sealed the deal on 31 Rocky Mt Ct.  
 Brick 08724. Sign lease w/ sec dep \$75  
 on Thursday 12/20. Then wait for BHA  
 to inform rent portion X

122A  
 -875  
 349

$$\text{my cash} = (349 - X)$$



19 December 2012

series

Broke through some kind of wall simultaneously  
 yesterday: litter charge dismissed by officer;  
 residence officially approved for  
 31 Rocky Mountain Ct Brick NJ 08724.

- Change address on DL
- May need birth cert.
- Save utility mail to get library card



I am so relieved to be moving into next apartment unit at the very start of 2013, God willing and the creek don't rise, and to have Freehold Boro court matters behind me. A few more months of fines, and I will be free of that AS LONG AS I BEHAVE when PASSING THROUGH.

It is good/safe to be on good terms with local law enforcement in case of any bizarre allegations, they may subdue me without killing me. This is some kind of zoo after all, and officers, riot police, guards, etc know all about the militaristic guerrillas on Planet of the Apes.

The trip into Freehold was good for my soul, whatever a soul is. Seeing that Karen at CVS, the way her head when back with her black hair all long and funky out, is burned into my memory.

At one point the sun was shining bright, at another point, as well as when I was on the phone with Jamie, it was raining. Just before the call from Jamie, I saw a bolt of lightning strike then the crash of thunder. A sun thunderstorm? Immediately I saw Marcia & Ed of Asbury Park.



Do I write for posterity? Well, are my personal diaries of stream of consciousness recordings not more for posterity and current Internet websites more for contemporary political movements — "demolishing entire sectors of society with radical honesty & relentless integrity, more brains, and more heart."

$$2 \int_1^{10} x^2 dx = 2 \left[ \frac{x^{2+1}}{2+1} \right]_1^{10} = 2 \left( \frac{10^3}{3} - \frac{1^3}{3} \right)$$

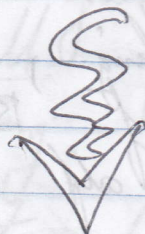
$$\frac{999}{3} = 333$$

$$= 2 \left( \frac{1000}{3} - \frac{1}{3} \right) = 2 \left( \frac{999}{3} \right) = 2(333)$$

$$\frac{1000-1}{3} = \frac{999}{3}$$

$$\int_1^{10} x^2 dx = 333$$

$$2 \int_1^{10} x^2 dx = 666$$



I have forgotten basic ~~Differential~~ Integral Calculus.

Differential is  $x^2 \rightarrow 2x$   
 $2x^5 \rightarrow 10x^4$

∴ Integrals  $x^2 \rightarrow \frac{x^3}{3}$

$$\therefore 2 \int_1^{10} x^2 dx = 2 \left[ \frac{10^3}{3} - \frac{1^3}{3} \right] = 2 \left( \frac{1000}{3} - \frac{1}{3} \right) = 2 \left( \frac{999}{3} \right) = 666$$



The more I eat, the more I walk, the more I smoke,  
the more I walk, the more I sleep, the more I  
eat, the more I shit, the more water I drink,  
the more I continue to "exist."

What does it mean to exist? Breath, heart  
beat, conscious. Unless civilization collapses  
and as long as social services continue to  
assist me with rental assistance and as long as  
the federal government continues to subsidize my  
"EXISTENCE" with Social Security Disability, I  
may be able to LIVE WELL, as well as  
can be hoped for under circumstances.

My goal was to leave Monmouth County, to  
live 75 miles from The Mother, but not  
in Lakewood Boro. Landing in Bruck at the last  
minute before 4 months & LIMIT is up was a  
new dramatic/romantic event. This time  
a Garden Apartment, even though like a PRISON  
COMPLEX, will be appreciated for privacy and  
independent living. The less needs the  
better. My scribbles may contain  
secrets to living well, starting over almost  
anywhere and any time.



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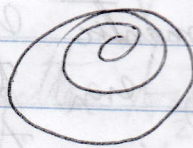
I consider my "thinking out loud" verbalizations on the Internet to be on par with The Book of Job in Old Testament.

Ø

Why am I eating so much food? Because the weather is colder? Because my body celebrates life. My Mother and I have been eating well. I am learning meals to cook. I will enjoy cooking for myself, and may even be able to HIKE with back pack to grocery store.

Ø

A great drunk in Freehold yesterday with Harry the House Cat. Much love and respect except for liquor store. Norman thinks I am "retarded." I keep eating PEANUT BUTTER on TOAST. I drink tea. I write comedy.



20 December 2012 Thursday

I picked up the \$875 in two money orders, \$500 and \$375. I rescheduled NJAG to turn on gas in 31 Rocky Mountain Brick tomorrow. After inspection I can sign lease and give security deposit. As soon as I find out my portion of rent, I pay it. Cutting it close!



Ø

Around and around the cycles, along the way  
learning, maturing, developing a sense of what  
matters and what doesn't.

Living in Freehold is just not practical for me.  
It is just frustrating — around and around in  
circles, catching glances at Honduras at CVS,  
cleaning restrooms at Ed's, hiking down the  
railroad tracks into fields.

And how many times will this thrill me?  
I wonder if I will find some balance  
and harmony in this next place. I don't  
know what to expect. There are  
many buildings ... 500 UNITS ... In each  
building there are many apartments,  
like Freddie Brown's building in Federal Way.  
It will kind of be an adventure since I  
don't know anyone, kind of like JAIL.

I'm sure to find where the beer is soon  
enough. I will sleep on pillows on floor  
like I have been since Federal Way 2009.  
Even though I look forward to January 2<sup>nd</sup>,  
waking up in Bruck on January 3<sup>rd</sup>, I am going  
to appreciate the rest I get when at Mom's.





45

21 December 2012 Friday

Today, the Winter Solstice, I drop off security deposit ~~at~~ and sign the lease for my next apartment. Now I will be a resident of Ocean County instead of Monmouth County. I made it out of the shit-hole on Marcy Street without forcing section 8 and without being thrown into the county jail. I think that, after I sign the lease, I may indulge in a little vodka. I'll go with the flow.

This will be another new beginning for me where I am ready to detach from the Internet, ready to just see the world as it is, and just embrace this process of maturing emotionally.



My mood changed drastically when I found out I ~~am~~ required to have "renters insurance" (from \$150 to \$300 per year (like \$25 per month)) before I can move into the apartment. I am extremely aggravated about this, especially since the number Jamie gave me for Allstate ~~was~~ led to a dead end. All State did a credit check and they won't carry me. Jamie was like, "It will only come out to \$5 per month and they can bill you." The first estimate I got (Hanover's) was \$300 per year and they would have to also cover my auto insurance. Is this what people go through to rent a damn apartment? I'm so pissed, I may wait until



after January 3<sup>rd</sup> before looking into it. I will find out what my portion of the rent is, after the inspection is done on the 28<sup>th</sup>. I will pay my portion of the rent by January 1<sup>st</sup> or 2<sup>nd</sup>, but I will NOT have renter's insurance. I was not informed of this until today when I signed the lease. I cut it very close. I paid all my utilities (GAS & ELECTRIC). I forked over the security deposit. Now I wait for the "inspections". I am in too foul of a mood to deal with insurance agents doing credit checks on me. I don't even want the god forsaken renter's insurance since I don't own anything worth insuring.

I get so frustrated and pissed off that I don't even want to speak about it. I certainly am in NO MOOD to talk to an insurance salesperson when I don't even WANT the insurance. This is getting shoved up my ass!

When I feel like this, I don't want to speak to anyone, especially not someone, the apartment management, who will say, "Oh, so THIS is the real Mr HENTRICH, the one the police know."



The foul one, the ill-tempered one, the one who goes into rages, this is the one who raised its ugly head upon dealing with this required renters' assistant insurance bullshit. I wonder if Jamie and others in the management picked up on my DISGRUNTLEDNESS. I really cut it close as far as the time it took for me to bare security deposit after getting robbed by the fucking shrester from Mandy Street, Freehold.

I told management at Kentwood leasing office that I would NOT have renters insurance on the move-in-date of January 1<sup>st</sup>. I will hand-deliver rent on Monday, December 31<sup>st</sup> the last day of 2012.

By January 3<sup>rd</sup>, Thursday, I will be able to afford some pots and pans and pillows and food.

WHY THE FUCK SHOULD I BE FORCED TO PAY RENTER'S INSURANCE WHEN I LITERALLY DON'T OWN A POT TO PISS IN?

Let it go, Mikey. I will have money to spare in January. Unfortunately, rather than putting it all into FOOD & BASIC shit to help everyday life, I have to be concerned with bullshit INSURANCE for stuff I don't even own!



Ø

It is so cold outside, I would be unable to write out there. Is it all an illusion, this sense of security? I mean, I could be dead before I actually become the tenant at 31 Rocky Mountain Court in Brick. Am I supposed to be relieved to have been approved for an apartment? Yes, and I am relieved. So cold out there! Imagine how cold the people of Tent City in Lakewood are.

When I witnessed my reaction to this surprise renters insurance, I realized that, no matter what is going on in my life, it only takes one little snag to PISS ME OFF. I'm glad Jamie has not witnessed my true temper. I also wonder if she understands how I regret being forced to purchase insurance when I own absolutely nothing.

While I do plan on purchasing renters insurance early in January, shortly after I move in, I will do so grudgingly. I mean, I will make it clear that I would not have any need for it, that it is pure bullshit. Why pretend? I will not look into this until AFTER I am IN the apartment, physically. I most likely will go into Freehold by Jan 4.

exce



I can most likely take care of renters insurance before January 7<sup>th</sup>. I will have to purchase minutes for phone on January 3<sup>rd</sup>. Life sucks. This is life.

I am celebrating having been approved for a residence just 5 miles from my mother, and I know she is the main reason I am out here in Ocean County.

~~Am~~ I to be HAPPY? Why do I need to be happy? I want to brood. It is so cold outside that one has to have gas, oil, electric just to stay alive. What a crock of stinky bullshit.

I put on a fake happy face but inside my guts is a fierce anger, a frustration, a rage. So I know. An apartment of my own will not make everything "all right."

It will just allow me to smoke tobacco indoors, drink alcohol indoors, sleep indoors, masturbate in privacy, cook my own meals, and basically be the creature that I am without having to answer to The Mother or anyone else. Except for ~~the~~ management, police, neighbors, etc.

I just don't feel very "cheerful." I do notice how beautiful the women are at the CVS in Freehold, especially K and ? and ? --- But I do not REJOICE. I just want the right to be MISERABLE.

except



One of the benefits of maintaining a worldview that faces the raw unpleasantness of being is that one becomes accustomed to this general misery, this continuous state of want and need.

Also, one is cognizant of this misery in others, and is less likely to be overly distressed if when bumping heads with others. When we know ourselves, our quirks, our moods, we might develop specific rituals to keep anxiety at bay.

One thing I found ~~that~~ that caused me severe anxiety was forcing myself to eat at a specific time in order to report for work prepared for duty. I am not pleasant when I am very hungry. The great benefit of receiving SSD and not holding down a job is that I can wait a few hours before cooking eggs & toast.

It takes me a few hours before I appreciate the ~~barriers~~ traps I have eluded which enable me to exist with a minimal amount of anxiety and stress. I would find BEING A SOLDIER IN THE ARMY to be HELL, like being a chattel slave. Why the propaganda suggesting soldiers are heroes?



Now that I no longer care about updating message boards or blogs, I will return to writing to myself. Why write at all? Well, I like to read over things I have written. I prefer reading my own notes and records over reading novels. When I read through old notes, I am basically KILLING TIME, enduring myself. Nothing need be done. What is one to do with one's life? Nothing need be done.

Isn't a radical worldview a powerful defense against the many psychological torments one is bound to encounter in life? I am satisfied with reaching certain "negative" conclusions about existence, and making the best of it. I am Schopenhauerian in my mode of existence. I do not so much seek pleasure but avoid pain. There are those who will never comprehend me or the things I write about, but there are those who have been honest with me about my impact on them through conversations. The lessons I have learned belong to me, such as the simple enjoyment of sitting in the sunshine with NOTHING TO DO.

Industrialization, with the spatialization of "time" into grids, with the PRESSURE to have goals and structure, the pressure to be busy, leads us away from the true source of peace within us. My enthusiasm for public writing is gone. It was a process. My writing is my therapy. I write to endure being.



22  
There are other rituals that I have found to be effecting in easing the anxiety of just being alive, such as a hot bath. Today I will try adding "Colloidal Oatmeal" to soothe me. Is this "the feminine side"? Is it not also the feminine side that tenderly arouses itself and "warms the heart". Ah, the private life, the inner life! One can only truly be oneself in solitude.

I am relieved to have been approved for an apartment 5 miles from my mother. This way, I will still be close enough to her to help her with her everyday emergencies, but I will also enjoy the blessings of a solitude where I am able to enjoy my own company.

Another great advantage to a solitary life is that there is nobody to impress, nobody to put on a show for. Unlike Matawan apartment, where I had entertainment system, a computer network, a library of books, and several visitors, in this next apartment, much like in Federal Way, there will be no distractions. Laying in a tub of hot water breathing will be my favorite pastime.



## FOLLOWING MY BLISS

Ø

Only when one can enjoy an entire day of doing nothing has one learned to live. Eating meals, smoking tobacco, enjoying a bath... by 1PM, ready for a cat nap should I doze off. I have learned to follow my bliss without shame or guilt - a true slacker.

It is so much easier living on the dole with rental assistance, in my own private apartment rather than in some group home with draconian rules, mandatory ~~at~~ attendance at "Day Program/Treatment Centers" where one is bombarded by bullshit and at the mercy of degenerates.

I will go through my notes when I am in the next apartment so as to remind myself to be protective of my privacy. I will be careful not to become too involved with others, to have boundaries. I may keep an eye out for herb, but that's it. I do not want to fall into any traps.

Who knows how I will follow my bliss? Maybe my BLISS is HIDING FROM THE WORLD.

Sometimes a shameless nap lifts me up more than a pint of booze can. Both my Mom and I know how to relax.



What have I experienced in life which gives me the ability to be at such ease "doing nothing"? Recognizing the biological chains of necessity as a penal-colony to be endured, rather than enjoyed, elevates many of the pressures to conform to idiotic norms. Somehow my experiences have made me well-sited for living a simple life, where I cherish the basics: food, shelter, clothing, literature (about what a hummer it is to be a born human).

Wisdom such that I possess is repressed, suppressed because, if one can find one's bliss living on the dole with public assistance, in paying rent, if I live without a motor vehicle, without the gizmos and gadgets being pushed, my very presence may make others uncomfortable. Do I know something they don't?

Not procreating I have eliminated much anxiety from my daily life, so those who marry and reproduce will want to discredit my existence so as to help their self-image. Interestingly I do not want to drink any vodka today. My body is enjoying the reprieve from the poison!

SPONTANEOUS REMISSION





24 December 2012 Monday: "Christmas Eve"

Very carefully I woke up, stretching legs, allowing dream recall... doing a load of laundry, realizing that next month I will want to hit the Thrift Stores for some wintery clothes. My sister, Tami, called to wish my mother well... I got to speak to her. She thanked me for the phone messages I left where I thanked her, Joe, and my father for the help they gave me when I broke my leg this past summer.

My sister appreciates that I found an apartment just 5 miles from my mother as she ~~not~~ has limits to how much she can deal with. Ø

Moods are fragile. I mean, at any moment one can just die. Anyone that is in our life can just disappear. Anyone in our monkey-sphere who we depend on to forge ahead... Now, I do feel inclined to get a pint of cheap vodka, not to get all wild, but to at least have some "cheer," to celebrate the awesome absurdity and senselessness of being, and to nurture compassion for the sufferings all sentient beings endure.

I will be content to get my salvaged texts and notes when my brother-in-law is able to get them to me next month. I think I am ready to read Schopenhauer again. It is clear to me that this was the most honest and brilliant man from the "West" to explain our predicament.





25 December 2012  
Tuesday, Christmas Day

I got the desire to be drunk out of my system last night so, that I could just be in a daze all day today, so that I could remain sober while spending a lazy Christmas Day with Mom aka The Mother.

While Mom is at mass, I may rest my lazy bones in the tub and even CATNAP. How much energy must go into managing the masses and propagating the WORK ETHIC! It is a huge conspiracy.

The reason why real life feels like science-fiction to me is because I am my own hero, an anti-hero in comparison to the types of men "lionized" by the dominant society.

I am the rebel who is not manipulated by societal pressures to conform to idiotic norms. I have no shame.

I am not interested in watching Hollywood films because I am too focused on the private "film" that is my own life, which includes my own imagination as well. Yes, perhaps the phones would like to believe my life has been uneventful, the fact that I have eluded the traps of employment, career, marriage, etc is a victory!



How long has it been since my leg was broken? June 5<sup>th</sup> →  
 It will be 7 months in about 10 days. By June, 2013,  
 I may be able to jog a little. By 2014, a full 18  
 months after the break, I may be able to run.  
 I doubt I will ever be as fast as I was before  
 the leg broke.

I walk so much from not owning a vehicle  
 that I feel no shame in napping for a couple hours  
 each day. It is only because I defy the norms  
 of industrialized society that I am able to  
 follow my bliss.

© 26 December 2012 Wednesday

I don't have interest in reading science-fiction but prefer reading  
 through my own records. I keep myself amused.

I kind of resent Anne for her attitude against me which  
 developed soon after I sent her a letter. She accuses  
 me of (1) not coming up with any new ideas  
 (2) being dishonest with her

I guess she has been influenced by feminist (Marxist)  
 literature, and she may be correct that many of the thinkers  
 I have been impressed with "hated women." It does not take  
 much for people to turn on us. It actually irks her that I have  
 no PROBLEM standing alone. I don't need "members."



While I will have to focus my attention on purchasing renters insurance for residing in "Victorian Gardens" apartments even though I have no "valuable possessions," I will also be putting some effort into clarifying to myself why I am more impressed with Schopenhauer than with Nietzsche. I found the passage I had been looking for in Figott's The Conspiracy Against The Human Race about Schopenhauer being philosophy's red-headed step child. It is in the chapter, Freaks of Salvation, p. 120-124.

Nietzsche is a promoter of human survival.

Schopenhauer is unequivocally on record as having said that being alive is not - and can never be - all right. Any thinker who bears an unconcealed grudge against life will have lower stature than those who see life as some kind of gift.

"Although both Schopenhauer and Nietzsche spoke only to an audience of atheists, Schopenhauer erred - from a public relations stance - by not according human beings any special status among the world of things organic and inorganic."

Shall I consider myself one worthy to be the organic intellectual able to embrace Schopenhauer as Coran did rather than be the Master's antagonist - as Nietzsche did?



Similar anxiety as I experienced in Federal Way... perhaps this is from the alcohol consumed. It is wise to lay off the booze for a while lest I risk sinking into despair or insanity.

This is not a game. I do not want to become a scatter-brain basketcase.

While it is OK to indulge now and then, I have to know my limits. Too much alcohol incapacitates me, robbing me of the enjoyment of my higher faculties.

Some days it is best to just heal, to engage in a spontaneous self-motivated detox. No need to swear it off or declare myself abstinent. I will be in a different environment, and I am not invisible. I do not want to be too psychotic... I do not want to "get out" as they say in the mental health systems.

All day I have just been drinking cold water, hydrating my animal body, allowing it (me) to heal. It feels like love. Life itself renews itself. My nerves are kind of shot, and I look forward to the solitude and privacy this next apartment may offer me.





30 December 2012 Sunday

The tooth rotting in the upper left part of my mouth is sending distress signals to the brain, and, much like the broken leg, tempers my enthusiasm about moving into this next apartment unit. Life will never be, nor has it ever been, "all right". The one thing I have that gives me a slight "edge" in this wretched existence is my "temperament" or "personality"; and yet this can only take me so far. Environments, other people, and the nature of life can transform a patient and warm "persona" into a crotchety and bitter bundle of misery.

All day yesterday I was going through posts on whywork.org forums, but I just can't delete any more. I am even considering possibly putting content back where I erased it. I wonder if it is because of those writings that I feel like "everybody knows me". I get "flashes" of insight, flashbacks of signs that I am "known". Even Shalonda had once said, "Damn, everybody knows Mike, huh..."

Is it my PRESENCE ITSELF or is it a premonition of SOMETHING I WILL DO? Is this all vanity? Well... on goes the television - Mom watching a Christian preacher... Sunday - I witness first hand the peddlers of the ministers. This is why I will be relieved to live in solitude. I hate ministers and all the PROPAGANDA



Ø

There is a difference between how I write in these notebooks and how I write on the Internet. The public does not want the truth. The public wants to hear the lies people tell themselves, that everything "the Lord" makes is good. They can go to the priests and ministers then and leave me in peace!

Those who would pressure me to "do something with my life" obviously have no appreciation for contemplation, especially contemplation on the big picture, that life, this life, our lives in general, does not make any sense whatsoever.

Like Schopenhauer I spend my life thinking about reality. I am, and always have been, infuriated by those who fantasize about colonization of other planets, and I sympathize with all who find existence to be unpleasant.

What can be said about it that has not been said already. Society preserves those who propagate its norms. Discontents do not reproduce as much as "the faithful," therefore the species must be devolving. The authorities must be aware of my superior intelligence and may wonder if I will one day "snap." Shalonda said, "Mike, they don't THINK you are dangerous. They KNOW you are dangerous!"



Tomorrow morning I pick up packet for signatures, pay rent, and pick up keys for the apartment. I will also withdraw \$40 so as to treat my mother to a movie in the evening, "New Year's Eve", what we call, rookie night. The question remains: Do I want to drink this afternoon? It is a Sunday ritual, no? I could sit in tub and enjoy a beer. Won't alcohol make my brain all cloudy? Why do I wish to poison my body with fire water? Am I not a secret member of The Drunken Indian Movement? The Drunken Madmen?



Why do I want attention? I mean, why have message boards, blogs? Do I really need any of this? Well, why did Schopenhauer publish his work?

31 December 2012 Monday

Why Work?, ? Why Think?, ? Why Live?, ? What Now?



I dropped off the remaining rent, got required signatures for rental assistance paperwork, and returned the paperwork to HUD. I will not be drinking any alcohol tonight. I got some strange vibes from the woman at the office at apartment complex - the maintenance worker too. I will have to be a model prisoner. ☹️



88

I do not expect to be very happy there surrounded by highways, but it is what it is. Not owning a car is certainly going to make me stand out. People will see me walking everywhere and I may be judged for this. I will ~~not~~ try not to be too sensitive. I have chosen ~~to~~ a way of life that goes against the grain, and many people may be alarmed by this. Fuck it.

Ø

I took Mom to see Django Unchained and we walked out because it was so stupid. I became a bit upset, but did not make a scene. Mom and I are in touch with our feelings and not at all ashamed to express how we really feel.

It is not worth the ink to explain in detail, but when the Shultz character kills the Candie character, it is just not believable that he would do something so reckless, putting their lives in jeopardy. Now I hear explosions outside that sound like gunfire... Ugh. I don't feel like doing too much "work" on the Internet. I really have lost interest. It is as though there is a conspiracy to isolate me in a dimension called loneliness. This amazes me how there seems to be some sick delight the herd takes in ignoring ME.



2013

85

1 January - Tuesday

3AM and I still can't sleep. Insomnia. I am feeling similar feelings of terror that I experienced in Federal Way and Seattle. Anxiety. The film disturbed me? I don't like Hollywood. Is this what the masses enjoy?

What is it that truly ails me? The highways? I witness my mother's driving and I am concerned for her safety. She is always so close to death... I would suffer a mental collapse were she killed in a vehicular misadventure! I am afraid. I am totally alienated. I think it hurts me also to be so completely ignored on the Internet. I need strength and courage. I would think I would be used to being the outcast by now. Am I lost? Are we all so very lost?

I don't think the alcohol helps, in fact, it most likely causes me to become more depressed.

Why do I feel like everyone knows me?

That manager at Kentwood apartments, Jamie, when she was so kind to me, it made me feel better. Am I starving for affection?

Is the lack of affection from a woman rotting my "soul"? How many others feel this way? Is this what drives people to psychiatrists? Is it possible to face the horror with courage?



Ø

Last night ... and I don't get any pleasure writing this "confession" - it actually hurts to write this ... I got very drunk and said mean things to my mother causing strain on her heart. She says I knocked chair over and knocked plants over and pictures off the table. She called the police and had me removed, sent to hospital for the night. She was afraid of me. This is awful. What an awful thing to happen on my last night there!

We had gotten along so well, but then I blew it right on my last night. She says it banged on her door calling her a "stupid bitch".

Is it possible that I have deeply buried resentment over her bringing me into this world, this world I which despise?

at least I don't have to be subjected to the stupid television anymore. No more being scolded as if I were a child. I have deep love for Mom, but many of her qualities repulse me. Poor Mom.





91

4 January 2013 Friday

awaken by 0530 feeling rested. I must have fallen to sleep by 11 PM ... on pillows and blankets on floor. ~~I~~ I feel great relief not being in "the fish bowl" - Mom's domicile. ~~I~~ I felt so exposed. Nowhere to hide. Even in the unit itself, it felt like people could see me. Without the television on, there is total silence. A little radio will help. Maybe a clock radio for starters. I'll check the Thrift Store.

I doubt I will have any furniture this month. I still have yet to get towels, cleaning supplies, rugs or even plug for the drain. I am in no rush to gather possessions. I do find it a little too quiet in here, in the complex in general. Although it is "cell-like" and barren, at least I stocked up on food, more food than I had been able to get out in Federal Way, Washington.

Ø

I am resisting feeling too upset with myself for my drunken outbursts against my mother. Even though she has been a great help, playing a crucial role in my being able to salvage rental assistance, I guess all her pecking on me, scolding me, demeaning me, did wear on my nerves, after all. I blacked out, I will be very careful in Freehold today.



19  
As this will be my first trip into Freehold (and back) from Brick (and back), if I am going to mess with alcohol, it would be best for me to bring it back to the apartment. I am nervous about that last black out I experienced. This is a healthy fear. I want to keep my wits about me.

Made it to & from 7:20  
8:00 - ?  
10:44?

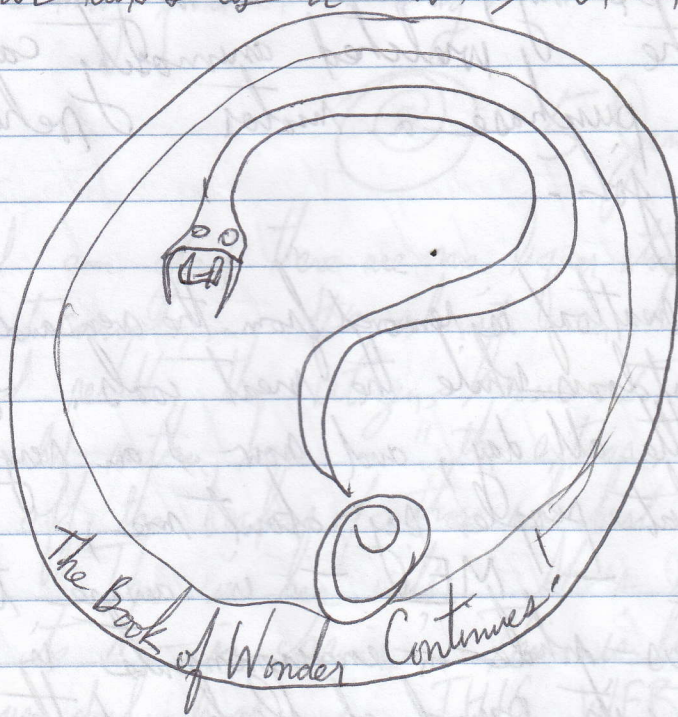
317 goes passed library!  
317, bus driver has attitude about those who "sit home daydreaming" while others work 70 hours per week.

Beautiful dance on Beltline with Xing Fu, kick dance. Returned safely to Devon. Chicken Soup Medicine I prepared last night but barely ate. Strong surprise in CVS - unwelcome but kind of intense. I found drain plugs at CVS. I still need a towel but take, bird bath tub of hot water. No curtain necessary!  
G.H. gave me yet another bottle of champagne sparkling wine after I cleaned toilet for \$10. That's like a \$20 tip. This is the second one. Is there anywhere to hide?



Hunting down essential & basic food necessities for a start, for at least one month, my monkey brain did alright. With the chicken group in me and 100 gal of Hennessy, I'm sure to cost up more content than a cat.

I sense perhaps that many well-trained oedipalized members of the population go on and on about how they never got nothing for nothing. Why should we ~~burst~~ our humps while some scoundrel conartist can mooch off our taxes as a **WARD OF THE STATE?**





\* When handwriting is "drunken", I like to read with a "drunken voice".

What apeman really needs: NOT radio, but broom,  
dust pan, little broom, mat, comforter, pillows.  
Can I go? Trip with The Mother can wait.  
Primarily, What can I carry? Not just onto bus  
but the 'long hike? I will manage with  
what I have and do not intend to stop  
while inebriated.

There is a trail through the pine trees along it to  
right to the apartment complex. There is a trench  
hole with a board down on a slant. I lay there in  
the sun today, as cold as it is. I sit Indian style on  
the board alternating. Whining is an excuse for  
doing nothing.

This ex-jailbird knows how to appreciate what it  
has. It's about food and privacy. To have one's  
own kitchen, one's own tub... It is amazing  
how <sup>much</sup> audacity it takes to assert one's desire to sit  
and scribble rather than toil away obeying schedules,  
taking part daily in ~~the~~ the idiotic norms. I  
go out rarely. I consume in bursts. I  
like to stock up on meat, fish, eggs. Next  
month I will stock up on vegetables and reload rice.



him about survival. This idea of moral degradation at wanting to retire from the duties of obedient worker, enforcer of Law, Order, and Public Safety, the eyes and ears of the State.

Underneath the thin veneer of society is the raw tubes eating their pounds of flesh, obtaining their calories like every other dumb thing finding itself damned to be replicated in this futile attempt at straining after satisfaction.

The moment we are fed and rested, warm and in good health, boredom sets in. Anxiety, Stress <sup>OR</sup> Boredom.

The work-cult moralists who scream "Get a job you bum; stop sucking our teat, stop eating our fat!" enforce the status quo. This is the so-called Silent Majority, the masses, the gorts, the armies of gorts, the nations of gorts, the federation of gorts, the Empire of the Gorts, **PLANET OF THE GORTS!!**

That would make me an interstellar wanderer, a more sinful, less refined Solzhenitsyn, a less bold Dostoevsky. The Gorts are Modern Man, **CIVILIZED MAN.**

I am in Gortville, but I live in a parallel universe. I do not gather possessions, I do not invest in entertainment systems or sofas or beds. **MATS, PILLOWS, BLANKETS, COFFEE TABLES, CANDLES, INSENSE**



\* When speaking in "drunken", I like to sound with a "drunken voice".

Ø  
My refusal to adapt to idiotic norms arouses hatred from those who spend their lives as slaves to a rigid TASK MASTER. I feel no shame in accepting the dole as a source of sustenance and physical survival/mental health.

With rental assistance, I was able to relocate to quarters where I could cook and eat and rest and heal and bathe and write and meditate and masturbate and shield myself from all the hate.

Ø  
Fantasies do not lie, but reveal true desires.

Ø  
I am an orangutan who scribbles - the small boned male kind of orangutan. Molded to be engineer/manager, defected early to philosophical thought criminal leading to early entrance into CORRECTIONS: May 1987 Strong Arm robbery. CRIMINAL PHILOSOPHER, age 20.

Ø  
No one is invisible. There is nowhere to hide but to deny, and finally, detach from society's judgments. I hide in my apartment as a recluse, but I cook well, I eat well, I care for myself, literally in love with myself.



Living so disconnected from the warped values of normal society, I hope I live in my apartment like "the former student" of Dostoevsky's Crime & Punishment. Why do I feel compelled to wander, to prowls? I want to see the sky. I want to feel the air, I want to inhale the smoke without concern for coughing.

Like Cioran, I choose to live on the fringes of polite society, as a ward of the state even. Not quite Armand, but still very much defending himself against being swarmed by society.

Ø

While I do not need an apartment the barge, the kitchen is very much appreciated, as well as space to pace, space to stretch & kick & do katas. I have never ~~seen~~ seen myself so quiet.

Over the next few months I will attempt to cover floors with rugs, coffee tables, lamps, and pillows, but I won't be getting the \$50 card table - for eating (w/4ch) until fines are paid off in April. Rediscovering myself in solitude, I notice that I like to hide. Now, after too much exposure, I hide.



Am I not permitted to pace around barefoot in apartment while eating homemade corn bread? sipping on green tea, "day dreaming," as the gots call it. I call it thinking! If this is my apartment to rent, all I have to comply with is the rugs. Entertainment centers are not a requirement. I can utilize the space for "Karate" or "Katas & Meditation."

I sincerely want to sit on floor while eating from coffee table. I wonder if those who judge me as a form of con-artist for living on the dole ~~group~~ underestimate my innate survival skills, one being the Chemistry of Cooking.

I want to bake corn bread often. Tomorrow morning 4 AM even. Those who hate me for not seeking employment or a motor vehicle might hate me even more intensely were they to taste my corn bread, meatloaf, chicken soup, thick cut bacon strips, sausage & ground beef burgers with cheese & onion. Well, it is a very healthy occupation, feeding oneself, keeping oneself alive and not enslaved.

Witnessing myself in action, I develop some confidence in renewable qualities energizing me or pulling me into unconsciousness to heal itself.



In my situation, being one who prefers not to own a motor vehicle, major consequences related to the entire automobile culture: cities, suburbia, the feeding frenzy.

It is best to hide. If one is diagnosed as suffering from "chemical imbalance" or "mood disorder", chances are one's resistance to assimilation has been successful.

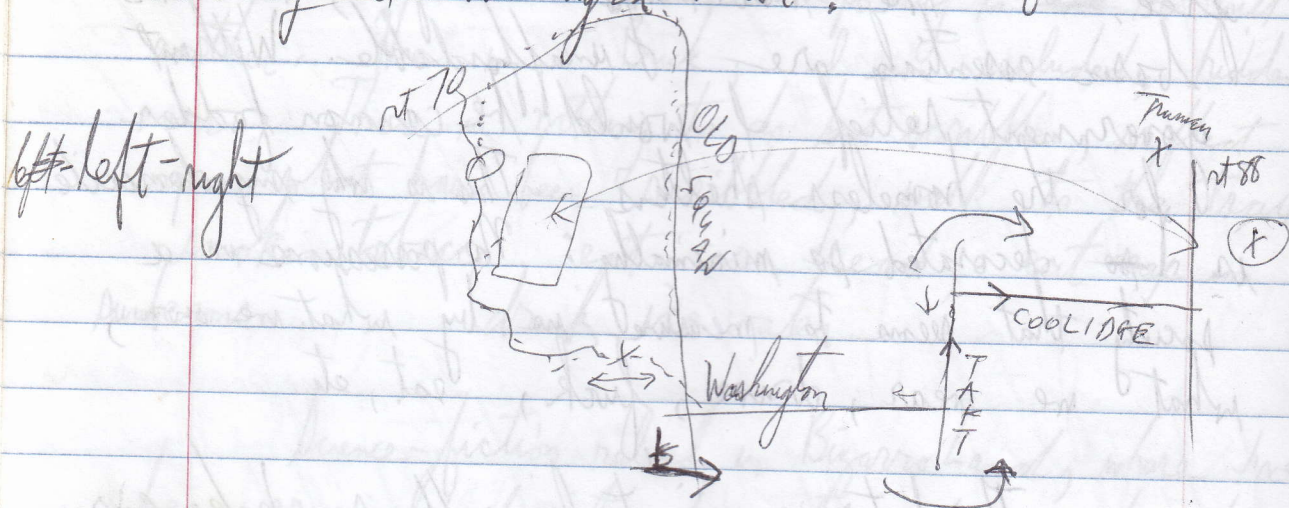
A great regret: stretching legs feels great. It's free. The best things are free, but the basic essentials are unaffordable. Without government relief I would be cannon fodder for the homeless shelters. This is why my domicile is so decorated so minimally: No possessions in a society that seems to measure us by what we own, what we wear, drive, fuck, eat, etc.

The best revenge is to live well, so, bake corn bread, eat corn bread with butter. Cat nap. Purr. This is how you overthrow the system. The machine is in your head. Dominate it there! The system does not know how to respond to "doing nothing" (non-participation). We still must eat. We still require shelter. By ~~the~~ **LIVING WELL**, I defy the corporate mind fuck.



Look on the bright side. All my fictional heroes were despised by the villagers: Henry Fool, Ignatius Reilly, Martin Lican. So some people perceive me as a bit of a scoundrel, some kind of con-artist, eh?

I trim my facial hair like some Oriental School Warrior. The walk to the "WINE STORE" was a beautiful walk. On the walk back, carrying 12 pk Mohan ICE bottles, my arms were tired, brain scanning found opening in gate behind apartments leading out to Old Sycuan Road, directly at Washington Drive!



This short cut, along with trail through pines makes for good access to hidden "prayerful place" at the hidden entrance side. Also, the access door at back end of Victorian Gardens eliminates the long walk around, which helps upon return when the body is tired.



Still, it feels like there is nowhere to really hide. Inside the apartment I feel most exposed. I am the strange lone wolf who smokes a lot, cooks a lot, eats a lot, a hell of a lot for a skinny runt, and sleeps, sleeps, sleeps, sits in tub of hot water, then sleeps some more.

Meanwhile soldiers fight wars and bus drivers drive buses, and trash collectors haul trash. Nobody in the Labor Movement will tolerate a self-proclaimed dead beat who refuses to participate in the perpetuation of the status-quo. I am in my own orbit.

The ministers and rabbis and gurus got nothing on the self-proclaimed madman philosopher, criminally insane comedian.

Ø

My meditations are too good, good enough to get me crucified. I mean, do the fascist shags driving slangs want to sit back and watch this bipolar alcoholic albino freak single-handedly overthrow the entire corporate mind-fuck, including the Music Industry, Official Politics, Media Giants like Facebook, etc? I hide in my fortress of solitude, drinking Molson Ice and eating Chicken Soup with brown rice.



2013.01.07

Ø

Each of us has as much of an opportunity as Arthur Schopenhauer had at separating ourselves from the masses and declaring in our own terms this life to be absurd, beyond comprehension, and our species appears to be collectively insane.

The reason why interactions with other human beings is problematic is because not all human beings are ~~evolved~~ equally evolved. The ones who are smart enough to operate the machines but not smart enough to contemplate the bigger picture will criticize me harshly for walking away from the quarry. My actions threaten their hallucinations of security.

My Being-Diagnosed, my chemical imbalance, my mood disorder, my mental illness, my demonic possession, my complexes, my issues, my "romantic life" is documented, at least by myself as I have the advantage of interior subjecting perspective and psycho-historical experiences making me what I am. I have time to think, time to write, time to prepare meals, time to bathe, time to wander aimlessly.

Life may be an unsolvable riddle, but this doesn't mean nobody has figured it out. The solution to the riddle is incommunicable and can only be experienced. Life itself burns not to want.

sun



Our entire organism-as-a-whole-in-environments, with its essential sensory apparatus, maps out its "representation" of the life world, its life-world.

Life is a mysterious encounter, and not all of us will have the opportunity to express ourselves to another. Being our utter amazement that the world is rather than is not. For surely as our species marches off into oblivion, ~~some~~ <sup>those</sup> more subtle among us will be affirming The Masters: Schopenhauer, Cioran, Yamiguchi, perhaps even George Carlin in his better moments.

The only environment we have left to defend is our town. I may be ODD for having up TV/phone/Internet or other distractions, but I this forces me to become that much more aware of what is essential.

While The Haters will curse me for being handed shelter + monies for refusing to adapt to the idiotic norms of society, I feel the less time I spend interacting with humans the better. I find of the age of the automobile to be grotesque, although I don't see us Swamp of ratmonkeys surviving without the old combustion engine.



For those who toil away without enough liberty to reflect upon the bigger reality, for those narrow-minded haters of what is still wild in man — his imagination ... the feral frontier, they will be outraged that I have found time to fill what may become up to 200 volumes of notes on my existence!

Even the ten years spent typing onto the Internet was not done in vain. There is a small minority of thinking life forms on this planet, and I am among one of the most honest and courageous.

Let us not forget humor, as morbid as it may become. Those who slip out of the traps set first by society, then by Nature (or God, <sup>DEVIL</sup> what have you), will have more opportunities for reflection. Some will have so much time to think, entire industries have been created to keep this mass distracted and preoccupied. Sports, entertainment, drugs, alcohol, war, self-preservation.

What about this great epidemic of madness we are in the midst of? Are we to deny our own sensibilities by discerning that we are not experiencing collective insanity?



And what authority would be outside the mass enough to make the observation that we are collectively insane? Who is to measure the quality of our lives? Who is to judge a man who wishes to spend his days and nights left alone to brood rather than compete for a position in the work-force? There are other ways to eek out an existence.

Why wouldn't I utilize a ~~deeper~~ diagnosis which explains my aversion to the rigid structures of hierarchical chain-of-command authority?

I don't fit the mold of "good slave" or "obedient worker." I am a trouble-maker?

And yet, when push comes to shove, I can organize and get shit done. The most radical thing one can do in a population that has gone collectively insane is to stay calm and organized. When everyone runs amok,

remaining level-headed, puffing on a cigarette in reflection, is a revolutionary act. I am a Nation of One, Lord of my own Interior Universe, the Creator of the Phenomenal World.



Ø

Long ago I became sick and tired, of being bullied by people who have not done the serious thinking I had done. After enough experience dealing with other people, one develops a longing to be alone, to hide from human beings in general.

Ø

Philosophy has to become science-fiction. Schopenhauer heads in this direction with his introductory paragraphs of Volume 2 of his magnum opus. He transports us to his beautiful imagination, ~~also~~ inviting us to see the bigger picture, what compels us all to philosophize, to wonder at the universe, that the universe even exists! If it is not a miracle, then it is an abomination.

Ø

What does a man do day after day, month after month, year after year? He tries to stay alive. It all seems to have no purpose & whatever, making me kind of satisfied to have spent so much of my time alive perplexed by the riddle of my very existence! Strange boundary, where life questions itself, where life becomes all-two-conscious of itself as it is.



8 December 2013  
Tuesday

The trek to Walfart last night was worth while as it enabled me to really tidy up my Fortress of Solitude. When I put the large Dream Catcher in place, high on the high wall, some kind of magic will be sparked, for I will place small Dream Catcher above where I lay on floor, on low end of high ceiling.

It will make the "empty space" appear more liberating than oppressive, which it is.

Rather than confine me in an isolated world of demons, I am liberated to experience the emptiness of the abyss, where all one is left with is oneself.

To allow oneself to experience blissful laziness in a world overflowing with hungry ambitious go-getters!

The philosopher is not necessarily a saint. On the contrary, he is much more likely to resemble a shiftless layabout or a deadbeat upstart. I find the best thing to do amounts to doing nothing. How do I now? I observe what I do when I smoke. I either sit doing nothing or walk doing nothing. Doing nothing is preferable to doing anything.



I am experiencing similar anxieties I experienced in Federal Way at Berkeley Ridge Apartments where I ~~was~~ felt everyone was spying on me, talking about me, where I suffered from not being able to get away from human eyes and ears.

Similar to Federal Way is also the presence of dangerous highways. Instead of Pacific Hwy, here on the east coast, it is at 70. This is a toxic world. My nephew is right about that. This is why he longs to live in the Rain Forest in South America.

I, of course, am choosing to live near my mother since she is at least honest with me. She does appreciate my support.

Last night I did not sleep well. I had a vision of my mother driving her car. I have been observing her eyes and facial expression while she drives. It is a look of "dazed & confused" and I am filled with compassion for her. I wonder if she will ~~stop~~ stubbornly operate a motor vehicle even when it becomes apparent this is too dangerous. I could drive her around if need be (using her car).



Ø

1813

Just to keep things in perspective for me, I will look back at my residences.

With Section 8  
(8 SSD)

Victorian Gardens, Brick NJ 2013-?  
Marcy Street, Freehold Boro NJ 2011/2012  
7th Ave, Asbury Park NJ 2010/2011  
Barkley Ridge, Federal Way WA 2009/2010  
Ocean Grove NJ 2008  
Marc Hampton, Matawan NJ 2005/2006/2007

Before rental assistance (and the doc) - JUST Welfare & Emergency Assist.

Whitford Hotel, Ocean Grove NJ 2005  
Flame Motel, Farmingdale NJ 2003/2004  
Havcore, Red Bank NJ 2003  
Del Monte 1st Ave Asbury Park NJ 2003

Before Welfare & Emergency government relief

Stokes Street, Freehold NJ 2002/2003  
Highland Park NJ while at Rutgers 2000/2001/2002  
Stokes Street, Freehold NJ while BCC 1998/1999  
Tark House, Manglapan NJ while MBSP employee 1992-1997  
Stokes Street Freehold NJ while CSP & MBSP emp. 1990-1992  
Dutch Lane Road, Freehold NJ with sister 1989  
Wharton Tract / Yardville / MCCI JAIL 1987/1988  
homeless in Freehold 1986 ← (age 19) (age 4)  
Long Beach Island 1985  
Bradley Drive, Freehold 1974-1984; Fulton Street 1971-1974



D

Reading the biography on the tragic life of Toole and the story of A Confederacy of Dunces is helping me come to the conclusion, that while I enjoy novels, it is most likely not even an aspiration of mine to write a novel, but to simply BE the character I am and to continue to see the living characters in my life as for what they are as I well.

As for the "oppressive quietness" of the apartment complex, I think I am starting to get used to it. I may be beginning to actually appreciate it rather than be oppressed by it. Overhearing a couple arguing about some potential breakup, I also gained an appreciation for bachelorhood.

Maybe my mental and emotional health will improve here. Each month I can add some little addition to the domicile. Next month, pillows, coffee table, and reading lamp (and a couple rugs). Perhaps in March, a bean bag for reading...

Surely a cutting board and other little necessities. No hangers on. This has to include my nephew. I really don't want drama, and I do not want to be emotionally drained!





183

22 January 2013 Tuesday

I was able to sleep in peace from midnight to 9AM. I awoke to phone ringing (ringtone sounds like a frog on crack) - my mother needs my help today and tomorrow. I am seeing her as she is - a stubborn old girl, and I love her. Actually, I can witness the personal balance I am developing in the way I keep the apartment.

Those who would pressure me to "conform to corporate ~~power~~ ideas" are themselves part of that machine in our heads that must be dismantled if not totally destroyed. Fuck Wall Street. Fuck the power structure.

While I am enjoying the recently published biography of Toole by Cory MacLauchlin, a "member of the English Faculty at Germanna Community College," I am also a little disturbed by it, in the same way I was disturbed by Colin Wilson's biography of Wilhelm Reich and even The Outsider, where I wonder whose side the biographer is on. It seems unfair that conventional gots write the biographies of unconventional ~~and~~ types, employing such denigrating terms as "incredibly sensitive" and "disturbed," clearly siding with gort conformity.



183  
I am glad I am investigating this biographer's investigations if for no other reason than to convince me that I shall never aspire to write for copyright but purely for the subject. I never want to be at the mercy of a book publisher but will continue jotting things down as they come to me, as a MANIFESTO.

In fact, I may even name the next volume of this "philosophical autobiography" MIKEY'S MANIFESTO, VOLUME # 161.  
Just an idea.

MIKEY'S MANIFESTO: The Philosophical Autobiography  
of Michael William Hentrich

Like Colin Wilson, this biographer MacLachlin seems to be part of the conspiracy against genius, part of the confederacy of dunces who side with the psychiatrists to uphold the status quo in which they are so invested and entrenched. This reading only makes me more determined to scorn the conventional. PEARLS BEFORE SWINE!



Toole was a very "deep person" as am I, which is why status quo drones ~~consider~~ say that our type I (OUTSIDERS, NON-CONFORMISTS, GENIUSES) "feel too much and think too deep."

We are as Schopenhauer was, which is why Schopenhauer is such a delight to read for those of us endowed with such faculties.

I think that scorning the conventional, calling these upholders of the status quo "gorts", and detaching from public opinion is a great victory, just like Natives of Turtle Island who dressed in rags to show their disdain and contempt for "Victorian values" was also a spiritual victory.

To live well as a madman, as a holy fool or crazy clown, pissing on the conforming drones from a considerable height, seems to be a preferable alternative to suicide, even when, especially when, there are those haters who want to see one commit suicide as a testimony of some kind of flaw. What is the nature of this universal conspiracy of <sup>the</sup> conventional against the unconventional "outsider" or GENIUS?



182  
Ø  
Insight: Like Ignatius Reilly, Martin Dean, and Henry  
Toole, all fictional characters, I am living  
(IN THE FLESH) the life story of a  
self-marginalized intellectual.

Ø  
"Delusions of Grandeur," "Paranoid Schizophrenia,"  
Are these not pseudo-medical terms used by  
the conventional upholders of the status quo,  
representatives of the culture, i.e. psychiatrists  
to DISCREDIT visionaries?

I have an insight that would seem paranoid,  
but, if true, reveals something sinister...  
about the nature of our world and the  
universal conspiracy of "the drones (gorts)"  
against the Visionary (gort buster).

On January 19, 1969 Toole fled New Orleans,  
quitting job and abandoning parents as NIXON  
ascended as president. While on his journey,  
Toole committed suicide. Toole was SUICIDED  
BY SOCIETY, GORT SOCIETY of Business-as-Usual.



The man who wrote this biography of Toole (2012) is a representative of the status quo. Now for the bizarre insight which parallels me with Toole: As Obama ascended as president, On January 19, 2009, forty years later, I, MW Heinrich, left New Jersey to go West. I nearly committed suicide (or at least suicide was suggested to me by my nephew and his suspicious wife who has me pegged as an "anti-Semite"). Note that Toole showed he could also be tagged with this conspiratorial label used to discredit those who must be intrinsically diametrical to Judeo-Christian (Roman Greco-Semitic) civilization.

~~Sup~~ Suppose I escaped a trap set for me. Suppose that there is an awareness of WHO I AM by ABL in that the mob=herd=gort masses are, like in INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS, subconsciously aware of those who are not "snatched," those who have chosen to separate themselves from the masses by THINKING AS AN INDIVIDUAL rather than conforming to the idiotic norms of mass society. Is there a way for an individual Being to FIGHT the entire CIVILIZATION?



721  
Aren't there genuine "conspiracies" taking place where the obedient upholders of the status quo discuss those who refuse to conform?

And yet, there are non-conformists who are also highly sensitive to "anti-Semitism"... Are there & covert operations so complex that people go deep undercover to get close to revolutionary visionaries, to even infiltrate "subversive" bands?

These are just questions.

There are questions inspired by my parangid reaction to this biography on Toole (author of A Confederacy of Dunces), where I find the biographer to be all-too-conventional much like my reaction to Colin Wilson's biographies of those he termed OUTSIDERS.

Wilson also employed psychiatric terminology such as "persecution complex", "messiah complex"; etc! No wonder Robert Pirng is in hiding... as is Roger Waters. I am unknown as was Toole... Was he? Am I?



Last night, as I did not want to take a chance on having my mother get into a car accident, I stayed overnight there in Seizure Village. I was able to post some links to John Tynckell, one being an interview with Alex Jones. I changed the site name to Crazy Talk with description, "It is what it is." I was also able to respond to #6's post about 30,000 suicides per year in Japan. That's ten 9/11's per year in one country, casualties of capitalism.

Many of the poor there are unable to receive assistance from the government. There are plenty of status quo govt's who would like to see me freezing in Tent City, drunk and beat up for my refusal to fit into this capitalistic system.

I do not share the values of the masses in the consumerist society. I do not fall for religion and the work ethic, "Work hard and be somebody!"

I am already somebody!

In most the places I have lived since going "on the dole" I have either been required to attend a "day program" which I found to be humiliating or degrading (and coerced to take psychiatric drugs) or I have been bombarded by "mind parasites," emotional vampires, and literally psychologically drained by intrusive sociopaths. Now I seem to have found a situation where I am able to ENJOY my BEING.



This system is designed to absorb the energy of rebellion, to corral us into institutions where they sell us pharmaceuticals, drugs and 12 step propaganda to make us feel powerless so that we stay dependent upon the medical-industrial complex. How shocking for the degenerate in charge to witness some of us so aware of what is really going on; they are trying to squash dissent and rob of the political energy from the population.

The power they are afraid of most is the power of a clear thinking, coherent human being. The most dangerous thing one can do to fight the reptilian predator class who want to control everything is to think coherently.

Trudell clarifies that Obama did a great job of imprinting certain illusions into the brains of those who want to believe or hope. "The change?" The only change was the skin color of the reptilian predator that is running the show. And it is a show-theater where the so-called leaders are just actors reading their script.



re-reading my memoirs/manifestos from 1986 to 1998  
 on my blog, I feel compelled to make it private.  
 The Internet, while it has given us  
 all a great opportunity to express ourselves, it  
 has also given those who dissect what we write,  
 those who wish to control us, dumb us down,  
 label us, or even suicide us much insight  
 into our psyches. I just feel I have  
 been too generous with my feelings, and that  
 I pay the world in general too much  
 honor. In an effort to help the few, I  
 may be exposing too much of my inner  
 life in a world where there seems to  
 be very little respect for this process.

Also, our views change over time. We mature  
 emotionally and gain insights. Perhaps I wrote  
 all these years to keep my thinking  
 process active, and my notes were  
 never meant for an audience.

Regardless, even with the blog made private,  
 with mywork.org/forums gone, I leave my  
 message board up. It is good to see I  
 Number Six and Lost in Oblivion still **STANDING!**



291  
A redeeming nod toward the biographer, Cory  
MacLaughlin, author of Butterfly in the Typewriter.  
I am indebted to him for writing things I feel  
closer to the book <sup>(DUNCES)</sup> than I more than ever.

I feel even more inspired by Toole and his own  
character and the novel, A Confederacy of Dunces,  
of course, than by Slaughter and The Catcher  
in the Rye, although Toole himself may  
have felt a strong connection with The Rye.

The funny thing is, I have no aspirations to  
write a novel. I like Henry Fool - albeit a fictional  
character in a film, I must feel the world in  
general is too stupid and shallow to appreciate  
my ideas. Besides, I take Giorgio's position,  
feeling diaries and letters are the most  
authentic of literature. No publishers required.  
Schopenhauer had enough confidence in the  
endurability of his work to publish his  
The World As Will & Representation.

Independent of computer and typewriter, I  
use the fundamental tools - ink and paper.  
If I live long enough, I can go through my  
diaries and EDIT using a computer, word processor,



An excerpt from Butterfly: <<< David Shields barely restrained himself from a tirade against the monstrosity of New York publishing when he wrote, "One has to believe there was a deliberate effort somewhere in those ivory towers along the northeastern seaboard to keep this book from the reading public. Why? Well, the answer to that would overrun this space and wouldn't be very pretty to boot." >>>

<<< ... the system of book publishing may serve the interests of a company more so than the interests of readers or of the art of literature. The meeting point between art and business has never been easy. Writers such as Toole watched, in the late 1960's, as publishers grew into multimillion dollar corporations and agents became facilitators between writers and editors. And while the filtering process became more rigorous, there emerged an uneasy sense that it didn't produce higher-quality work. Writers and readers grumbled that of the publishing industry, in its shift toward big business, might be rejecting



791  
works that deserved publication as a valuable cultural product, not just a sellable item created to attract the whims of the mass market.

This silencing is part of why the story of its publication held such interest to readers. It suggests that the presumed cultural role of publishers to deliver quality literature may be compromised by motives of profit and marketability.

A solitary writer complaining about publishers, convinced no one appreciates his genius, has few sympathizers. Toole's heartbreaking life story disables dismissal of those complaints, allowing many readers and writers to feel vindicated in their frustrations and suspicions of the publishing world. >>>

It is here, I think Cory MacLauchlin has redeemed himself, where I can forgive him for his squeamishness in the way he takes "mental illness" so seriously, as if all human beings don't suffer a certain degree of mental illness, himself included, of course. ~~§~~



<<< David Eganier, fiction editor of the Paris Review, may have offered the most perceptive comment regarding the novel when he wrote, "A Confederacy of Dunces transcends the suffering of life through laughter." >>>

This is the same message found in Hermann Hesse's Steppenwolf!

See how much is interconnected and related. Holy Fool, Sacred Clown. Those who condemn me for my seemingly "clownishness" appear to me to be quite shallow and lame.

They just don't get it. No brains? No eye for true greatness for they expect greatness to come as some radiant Messiah King rather than a powerful being dressed in rags.

How could the "Church Fathers" latch up the myth so badly that they display their savior in purple robes and a crown? Dostoevsky saw through this stupidity of ignorance parading around as authority. I see it as well!



PP1  
In the 14<sup>th</sup> of 15 chapters of Butterfly, I get a glimpse into something extremely significant which touches upon why I may have hidden my "Memoirs of a Mad Prophet, Volume One (1986 to 1998)" on a blog then made the blog private.

It is the same issue which I sense brought "Robin and Hannah" into my nephew's life to turn him against me during the final year of the gortbustery experiment, the same issue that had persephonee from CLAWS (whywork.org/forum) in attack mode against me. Holy fuck, even Rich Bore rudely interrogated me jokingly about it very recently in fact.

Cory Macfarland: <<< [Toole's mother, Thelma, in 1980] I exclaimed (in Horizon Magazine), (speaking about the publisher Gottlieb who repeatedly rejected Toole's novel for several years before Toole's suicide), "He's a creature... a Jewish creature... Not a man... Not a human being."  
Her words were reprinted in an article in the New York Times in 1981.



Granted, there was an undercurrent of anti-Semitic discourse surrounding the novel at the time. It was suggested, although not coming from Toole directly, that Gottlieb never accepted the novel on the basis of its representation of Jews, particularly Myrona Minkoff and the Levy<sup>fs</sup>, characters he felt did not work in the novel. While teaching at Hunter College, Toole had witnessed the intense sensitivity toward anything that might be construed as anti-Semitic. It would not be surprising if Toole felt the Jewish characters were misinterpreted by Gottlieb. Furthermore, in the early 1960's many of the publishing houses in New York were privately owned by Jewish families.

Thelma harbored suspicions of ~~a~~ a Jewish plot to suppress the genius gentle voice of her son. She responded with clearly anti-Semitic language. >>>

Of course Cory MacLaughlin does not dare touch this issue. He paints Thelma as anti-Semite, once again validating my comments on pages 183-189, where I sense this biographer is kind of a PHONY.



I do not want to discuss any of these feelings with my mother. She will start in with, "You ought to be grateful for that beautiful apartment!" It is not use expressing my rage against the machine. It will only bring me a visit by the Thought Police. My only option seems to be to hide away in the apartment and write, but I am rapidly running out of paper. When I am not writing, I am speaking out loud, and with I walk this thing alerting those around me of my inner state does not seem prudent, I does not seem wise. Where does anything lead?

If there is a conspiracy against me due to how brilliantly I have articulated my displeasure, then I will prepare myself to be at odds with the entire society.

I can't hide my feelings from myself. I am in a dimension called WAITING TO DIE. I refuse to pay the hospital bills, the ambulance bills. The conformists and optimists want to see me suffer. They can't stand to see me delighted! I just don't give a shit. Medication meant to make me less AGGRESSIVE. I DON'T WANT IT.



I notice that when I talk out loud to myself, I may simply be nervous. It is nervous energy. When my mind imagines I am possessed by "the Devil," this presence is most likely deep parts of the Cognitive Unconscious. These realizations help me to "keep my head together" and not be overwhelmed. Reading the kinds of literature I read is a great accomplishment in this society we live in, where people are kept very busy and distracted.

There is great paradox in the fact that ~~we~~ is not cooperating with the mental health industry, the medical-military-industrial complex, by not taking psychiatric drugs or reporting to what I see I as "The Thought Police." I am managing to salvage actual mental health. It is the idiotic norms of society, submitting to hierarchies, giving our energy to corporations that destroys the mind.

Going over my notes is helpful. I see how easy it is to get into disastrous situations when I am inebriated, so I know to be cautious, especially when imbibing alcohol. These intrusive thoughts of experience of specific women are the true desires of my animal body, but I know to be wary. I can flirt and exchange glances, but I have gotten used to being alone. This is the price I pay for being different.



One major benefit of keeping written records of daily existence is that one can develop strategies for dealing with anxiety, paranoia, and "relations." One hears or reads about "citizen harassment groups" where there are actual conspiracies ~~to~~ and covert psychological operations; and yet, many of Schopenhauer's "popular" essays reveal the self-same social dynamics hundreds of years ago.

Mark Twain alludes to these realities in his story about Taker Billings. If I sense that others mock me as a "weirdo", this is not paranoia. This is simply my awareness making an observation. If people I intend to hurt me with this mockery, as I suspect some Latinos and others in Foxhole did, or people at Tent City in Washington did, it is not so much an organized covert conspiracy (as in military psychological warfare) but simply the nature of the society.

Schopenhauer was quite clear on this issue: a genius will be psychologically ganged up on by half a dozen BLOCKHEADS. There will be a confederacy of dunces attacking a genius. Without any shame or embarrassment whatsoever I have to understand that, yes, my extraordinariness does make me WEIRD, DIFFERENT, an OUTSIDER. The mediocre will tear me. They mock me to compensate.



28 January 2013 Monday

I tracked all the way to the Brick Library to return the 2 biographies. A computer is not forthcoming. When one did open up, as I was walking in a crowded manner, some prick made a B-line to it, cutting me off. I was so close to pulling the chain right out from underneath him. I uncontrollably yelled, "God fuckin' damn! What a prick! I should have bumped into him and rammed him into the shelves!"

So I took out the 2 books I had found, Wartime Diary by Simone de Beauvoir and La Fénix du Mal by Charles Baudelaire - a dark poet, recommended by Antonin Artaud in his rant.

The long cold walk in the cold rain and sleet will not be pleasant, but I will focus on meatloaf or Jewish Rye, spinach, and baked potatoes. The walk itself is over an hour. I will try to hold my head up high as I have a couple of CLASSICS which I ~~will~~ have been wanting to investigate for some time now.

I also put a request in for the text on Phenomenology and Native American thought. Of course, I will also be going through the Lyotard Manifesto in between my readings of B & dark poems - poems I intend to read

afound. Witnessing my temporary flare up when I got cut off heading to the computer makes me wonder if I even want to log on. Why bother? I want to post excerpts from Butterfly (p197)



©

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29 January 2013 Tuesday

While I want to take some notes from Simone de Beauvoir's Wartime Diary as it gives me new insight into the subject of phenomenology, as I am without the next blank notebook, with 3 more days before government relief funds, I may just jot down pages from which I will go over when I begin the next volume of my philosophical diary. I will name the next series, "Mental Insurrection", the name of the last section of "The Faustus Phenomenon" series.

Ø

According to Beauvoir's former students, her lectures in 1937-38 focused on a phenomenology of consciousness, informed by readings of Bergson, Husserl, and, later, of Heidegger as well. She gave scant attention to moral philosophy.

That Beauvoir should become famous after the war for her existentialist ethics highlights the significance of her "philosophical transformation". I will wait until the text, I requested, on phenomenology and Native American thought arrives at Brick library, before logging on to my message board to complete the excerpt from page 201.

Ø

I already have 6 checks in stamped envelopes ready to be sent out on the 1st. About \$500 worth. When my fines are paid off for Freehold in April, I may ~~now~~ pay the \$100 owed to corporate apartment landlord for bogus fees. This month I have nearly \$300 worth of added expenses projected, but I may wait until next month before getting writing table and rug (\$100).



P15  
Amazingly I feel I am investigating an obscure text on phenomenology which I stumbled upon while looking for Charles Baudelaire's The Flowers of Evil (poems recommended by Artaud). Who could imagine how exciting and adventurous the life of a serious scholar could be? Beauvoir's Wartime Diary may connect many dots for me, and I don't need any academic training in Marxist/Feminist Theory to engage in this WORK! Let the haters go on hating!

In the introduction, in a section called SITUATED SUBJECTIVITY IS EMBODIED, Margaret A. Simons reveals that, in a diary entry dated July 29<sup>th</sup>, 1927, Beauvoir challenges the cold rationality of philosophy and dedicates her life to a philosophical quest combining passion and reason. She defends a concept of EMBODIED CONSCIOUSNESS as a basis for philosophy against a fellow philosophy student, Maurice Merleau-Ponty:

"I have a more complicated, more nuanced sensibility than his and a more exhausting power of love. Those problems that he lives in his mind, I live them with my arms and my legs. I do not want to lose all that."

In the November 3, 1939, entry in her wartime diary, Beauvoir returns to a defense of EMBODIED, PASSIONATE CONSCIOUSNESS in reflecting on "how I situate myself in the world." She affirms her interest in her "PSYCHOLOGICAL INNER LIFE".



ESS

She thought Hegel was doing "real" philosophy. At once I suspect her a bit naive.

To be able to read Beauvoir's diaries in a detached manner may be impossible. Deconstruction seems to be automatic in me, in that I deconstruct the writer/thinker I am reading. Her infatuation with Hegel's "Universal" sets off the warning lights in my mind\*, and I understand that whoever and whatever it is I am, my critical thinking apparatus will not be shut down. I read forgivingly, but I note erroneous perceptions... bad faith in Hegel's theories. How unique my mind is has become very clear to me, and I can imagine there are those such as Anne Teld, who will secretly condemn me for having more confidence in my own thoughts and feelings, so much confidence that I refuse to be intimidated by Marxist/Feminists who would pigeonhole me into the category of privileged white, malar, male as a way to invalidate the force of my intellect.

Likewise, even among the more radical and subversive subcultures in the United States, after my physiological attributes alone relegate me to some imaginary mythical enemy camps of "racists" or "devils".

No matter what Beauvoir's influences are, I am attracted to the force of her intellect, and how she desires to combine passion and reason. I imagine this was also Robert Perring's quest in *Ben & the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*, the merging of Romantic Quality with Classical Quality. Thinking is action. I can't <sup>PHYSICALLY FIGHT</sup> save the Rain Forests. I can OUT-THINK <sup>the</sup> industrialists.



Alas, I am still enthusiastic about reading Beauvoir's Wartime Diary. She turns from Hegel to Søren Kierkegaard. She complains of "intellectual solitude", that "Hegel, who was helpful to me in August (1940) no longer consoles" her (Jan 1941). She turns away from Hegel. I breathe a sigh of relief. I knew this woman had a powerful intellect. She says she has been "delivered from a bad rationalist optimism." She has been "interiorized and rendered more authentic." In her diary, she writes something profound, something John Trudell would support: "My goal is to achieve being."



30 January 2013 Wednesday

No word from B. I am losing motivation to go to Freehold. What would the purpose be besides confronting Bank of America over the overdraft fee? I walked to the "Big Kmart", saw some shoes I would like for \$35, pants for \$20, mat for \$10, a folding table for \$20, a chair for \$15... a mug for \$50. I am in no rush to get shoes. When in Freehold, I will check out Thrift Store for pants and sneakers. If there is a dinner at St. Peter's I will stick around. I may throw down some Hennessy if I don't get to see B. I returned from my walk kind of depressed. It's just as well I am no longer in Freehold. There were too many avenues to drunkenness, and trouble. Around here, it feels like everyone I see knows or senses where I am coming from, that I am, this dead beat know-it-all who feels entitled to food, shelter, clothing, and booze just for BEING ALIVE.



Any hostility directed toward me will be met with detachment as I no longer give a shit what people think of my ingratitude, my attitude about so-called privileges. Doesn't it count for anything that I am a rare being? Those who would condemn me for living on the dole must not have any clue about the rage in my head. After a lunch of meatloaf, spinach, and rice, I am just going to lay down in a sunbeam to read. Most likely I will NAP. What else am I to do?

I am skimming through Wartime Diary but reading The Flowers of Evil slowly. My interest in how to apply phenomenology to my everyday life experience is renewed. I have been challenging the status quo for quite some time.

My mother got the job at Home Depot in the Garden center - just 1.3 miles from her home. A part time job will help her psychologically. Me? I could see myself taking a part time job at one of these stores. I am scoping out where the ~~more~~ most suitable place would be. Path Mark? Walmart? K-Mart?

What about "drug tests"? It seems as though I may not be cut out for it as I would most likely be a TROUBLE MAKER. Too much BRAIN POWER!



Ø

Something surely snapped in my head today, even though it 227

was barely noticed even by me. Not writing on the Internet has forced me back to writing in my private notebooks where I am far less restrained, where I can zero in on things as they really are, where I allow myself to think **FORBIDDEN THOUGHTS**. The demon, Mental Insurrection. Nobody will have sympathy for a being with my ethnicity and gender. Shall I write what I feel can't be written on the Internet? It has been clear to me for quite some time why I can't just "get a job."

My entire being is politically incorrect. I am in the mood to read The Conspiracy Against the Human Race for the fourth reading.

Ø

I am reading through the index of Beauvoir's Wartime Diary and studying what interests me. I wonder now I would go about creating an index for my diaries. I feel most real and authentic when I imagine myself truly insane, when I detach from norms and just be truth. Now that I run out of paper and have to wait until Friday to get a notebook, I may look for blank pages in older notebooks or scribble in my notebook reserved for recipes.

**GRAPHOMANIAC!**

Charles Baudelaire	1867	SEE Manifesto, volume #122
	-1821	The Dark Side, Book 1
	46	starting on page 112
		even pages are BLANK.

I will be 46 on February 11, 2013 (born 1967)